The Primitive Republican.

F. G. BALDWIN, "Error may be safely tolerated, when Truth is left free to combat it."—JEFFERSON. Editor & Proprietor.

OLD SERIES, VOL. X NO. 22. COLUMBUS, MISSISSIPPI, THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1852. NEW SERIES, VOL. 3 NO 5.

THE REPUBLICAN,

Is published every Thursday Morning.

OFFICE *on the South East corner of Main and St. John Streets, immediately above the Grocery Store of* JACOB ISAACS.

TERMS:

THREE DOLLARS a year invariably in advance excepting Town subscribers, who will be charged $3 50 when payment is delayed six months, and $4 00 if not paid until the end of the year.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One *Dollar* a square for first insertion; and 50 *Cents* a square for each continuance. Ten lines or less constitute a square.

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S. OF T.

COLUMBUS DIVISION No. 9, SONS OF TEMPERANCE.—The stated meetings of this Division, are held at Temperance Hall at Columbus, every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock.

THE ONLY SON.

A THRILLING STORY.

On a fine summer morning, as I was riding with a friend through a handsome village in the Central part of New York, and admiring the beauties he pointed out to me with all the pride and precision of the "oldest inhabitant," my attention was attracted by an aged couple, dressed in deep mourning, who were walking slowly down a shaded avenue, in front of one of the most beautiful residences in the place.

The feeble steps of the old lady, who leaned heavily upon the arm of her companion, and the expression of deep and lasting sorrow which possessed her thin and pallid features, contrasted with the firm tread, and stern, solemn aspect of the old man, awoke my curiosity, and I inquired if there was not some domestic history of interest connected with this venerable couple.

"There is, indeed," replied my friend.

"You recall to my mind one of the most singular incidents—the most startling tragedy, in short—which our goodly village ever witnessed."

"That old and sorrow stricken couple," pursued my friend, "may be seen twice or three times a week; oftner when the weather is fine—walking down the avenue in just such a manner—never any faster, never any slower."

'You see them now getting into the carriage, which has rolled up to the gate. They will ride a mile when the carriage will stop, and they will walk through another gate which is of iron, hanging between posts of iron, all black as ebony. They will enter a green field, where the birds sing sweetly these fine mornings, a lonely field, however, where there are no dwelling above ground, yet there are a great many inhabitants—the rich and the poor, intermingled, and resting on the same level, about four fest beneath he sod!

This aged couple are going to visit the grave of their only child.

It was a son. I will tell you his history if you will listen.

This old man was once the most enterprising, the boldest and most resolute man in the vicinity His name is Col. H———. You have heard of him, for he distinguished himself in the last war. People used to say he was made of iron. Yet he has one of the most upright, generous hearts in the world.

The old lady, I remember as a lady of great beauty, not more than twenty years ago, when she was about forty. Besides she was quite as celebrated for her gentleness and benevolence as the Colonel for his iron will. She had a soft, affectionate heart, which shone beneficially on all, until its warmth was concentrated in an only child.

He was a wild, handsome, passionate boy, generous at times, but oftner tyrannical and wilful. We were school mates, and we always played together until he was sent away to an academy, when our intimacy ceased. I saw him rarely afterwards, until, having been expelled from college, for striking a professor, in a fit of passion, he returned to his father's house.

Morgan, in his childhood, had been been indulged and caressed by his fond mother, and his father treated him with undue severity. The Colonel loved his boy, but he believed in the necessity of discipline, to curb his passions, while Mrs. H. weeping over the stern treatment of her darling, endeavored to make up for it in indulgence. Then the boy grew up to fear his father and to feel a contempt for the authority of his mother.

Well, on Morgan' return from college in disgrace, he was so changed that you would hardly have known him; not so much in personal appearance, for he was still handsome, but his reputation of being the most reckless and dissipated fellow in college.

Col. H——was terribly enraged at the disgrace his wild son had brought upon himself and family. He treated him with greater severity than ever, refusing to gratify his love of pleasure by furnishing him with funds and subjecting him with the most rigid discipline. The result was; father and son had a terrible quarrel, in which the latter boldly facing the thunders of the Colonel's wrath proved himself to have inherited his iron will, if not his fearlessness of character.

On that day Morgan left his father's house, and took up his residence at the hotel, to the great distress of Mrs. H. who from that time never saw a happy day. These events occured twelve years ago.

I don't know that the young man ever entered the house but once afterwards, except to see his mother in the absence of the Colonel, and to obtain the funds she used to spare him out of her own allowance.

Morgan wished to go abroad. But to travel very extensively, required more command, and all her efforts to induce the Colonel to grant a supply for the purpose, were in vain. She might as well have asked the sea to deliver its riches. Enraged at the ill success of her application, Morgan determined to see his father himself and by some means procure the amount he was so desperately resolved to have.

Learning, one day, that the Colonel had received a large sum of money from the sale of some land, Morgan thought it a fine opportunity to descend on the parental purse, and accordingly called on the old gentleman before he had time to use the money or deposite it in the bank.

A domestic in the family, who admitted Morgan relates that the Colonel was in his study, and there was a bundle of bills on the table when the young man entered.

The Colonel's countenance never changed as he looked up and saw his son standing before him, and when he spoke his words came forth cold and hard, as if his throat had been of marble.

'What is your business, sir?"

Morgan returned his father's stern look with an unflinching gaze, as he replied,

'I came to prefer a claim."

At the word claim, the Colonel sneered, but said nothing.

'I desire to travel." pursued Morgan, as if he had been talking to an eqnal—'It can be no advantage to you to keep me within the sight of your door, which is shut against me, and within the odor of your gardens and orchards, which I cannot enjoy. You will not refuse then, I hope, to supply me with funds, that will enable me to see something of the world, and to establish myself abroad.

'If this is all your business," said the Colonel in a deeper tone, 'the sooner you go the better," and taking the bundle of bills, he locked it up in his desk with a firm hand. 'I thought you had more judgment than to come to me on such a fool's errand. So what you knew it was impossible to obtain by pleading, you hoped to draw from me by the impudence of a claim! Go, I say, boy! not a dollar of my money shall pass into your hands, until you have submitted to my authority, which you have so lately despised."

Morgan's eyes flashed fire. The domestic who wached him from the door, declared she thought from the grinding of his teeth and the clenching of his fists, that he was going to strike his father.

Without giving away to his passion, however, the young man turned upon his heel, passed out of the door, and never stopped to speak to his distressed mother, mounted his horse, and rode off to the hotel.

Mrs. H. flew to her husband, and clasping her hands in agony, prayed that he would call the young man back, speak to him in a stern and chilling tone, but kindly and fatherly, and affect a reconciliation.

'My God!" murmered the Colonel, passionately, 'am I to be trampled upon by my own son? Am I to stoop and he to triumph? When he comes to me with an air of independence, which is unsupportable, am I to bend to him an beg?"

'No! no!" sobbed the wretched woman; 'not that. But speak to him kindly. Use—persuasion—gentleness—"

'With a son!—persuasion You wrong my patience! exclaimed the Colonel, in a husky voice, 'Leave me."

No more words passed between the parents of the unhappy youth; but during the remainder of the day the mother was keenly distressed, and the stern father was ill at ease."

The latter passed a sleepless night.—He paced the floor until late, with his brow contracted and his lips compressed; then he retired, and lay for two hours meditating on some subject which excited his brain. Mrs. H., who likewise awake, knew too well what the subject was.

Considerably past midnight the Colonel arose.

"Is anything the matter ?" asked his wife.

"I don't know," replied the Colonel.—"I thought I heard a sound in the lower part of the house, in the direction of the study.—It may be only a cat that has got in there, but I will go and see."

'I heard something myself,' said Mrs H., 'but I thought it was outside."

The Colonel had heard more, or had understood better than his wife. At all events he had no suspicion of cats—his allusion to them having been merely to avoid alarming her. He remembered that there was a sum of money in his desk, and probably suspected a robbery.

Going noisely down stairs, and opening the door of the study with a steady hand, he heard the same noise much louder than before. He stepped cautiously into the room. It was a star-light night and turning his eyes to the window from which the noise appeared to proceed, he discovered a dim-shadow moving in the curtain.

At that moment the noise ceased—the Colonel stood motionless in the corner of the room, until it recommenced, when reaching a heavy sword which hung against the wall, he slowly drew it from its scabbard.

The Colonel then stationed himself near the window, but no sooner had he done so, than the grating noise ceased again. After a short silence he heard another sound, like the breaking of glass, and imediately after, the curtain was moved aside by an invissible hand.

The darkness, the loneliness of the chamber, and the mystery of the dim shadow on the curtain, would have shaken the nerves of a man of less coolness and courage than the Colonel. Determined to take the robber, dead or live, he calmly waited for him to enter the room. But presently, to his dismay, he heard footsteps coming down stairs.—Some domestic, or out door laborer, had evidently heard the sounds, and was coming to learn their origin. Perceiving that this must frighten the robber, the Colonel was revolving in his mind what he should do to effect his object, when the hand that had moved the curtain became visible.—it was grouping along the window frame for the spring. Rapid as the lightning, yet noiselessly and unseen, the old broad-sword swept over the Colonel's head, and struck deep into the woodwork of the window. There was a stiffled cry—a heavy fall—and the curtain swept back to its place.

Rushing to the window, the Colonel threw it open and looked out. He could see nothing, however owing to the darkness—and shutting it again he haistened to procure a light.

As he burst into the hall, a laborer by the name of Jones, who slept in the house, approached at the foot of the stairs.

"Good God! Colonel, is that you?" cried Jones who appeared agitated with terror.—"What is the matter ?"

Give me a light," said Col. H.

He extended his hand. As the light shone upon it, Jones, who must have been frightened terribly, saw that it was covered with blood. Starting back he droped the lamp, which was broken to pieces on the floor.

The Colonel cursed his weak nerves, and hastened up stairs for the lamp in his chamber. Mrs. H. hearing the strange sounds and alarmed by the protracted absence of her husband, had already risen and struck a light. As the Colonel took it from her hand she saw the blood on his arm, and uttered a cry of horror

"It is nothing," said the Colonel. "A robber was climbing in at the window, and I scratched him."

He entered the study, followed by Jones who shuddered at the scene which met his eyes. There was blood on the curtain, and on the Colonel's chair, which stood near it and on the wall. Across the desk, where the Colonel had placed it, lay the broad sword, stained with blood.

Something on the carpet under the window attracted the eye of Jones. He stooped to pick it up, but started back with a suppressed cry. It was a human hand!

The Colonel picked it up, and held it by its lifeless fingers. It was still warm, and dripping with blood. It had been cut off just at the wrist.

Suddenly, the Colonel turned pale. Wrapping the member in his handkerchief, he seized the light, and rushed up stairs.

"For Heaven's sake," he cried with strange agitation, "tell me if you know this! It is no time to stand upon ceremony. Look!"

And totally regardless of the effect the horrid sight might have on his wife, the Colonel, in his agitation, threw aside the folds of his handkercief, and revealed the hand.

Mrs. H. started back with horror! But in an instant turning deadly pale, she bent eagerly forward, gazed a moment at the hand, and, with a shriek, fell lifeless on the floor.

The Colonel rushed out, and met Jones on the stairs.

"Raise no alarm," he said in a husky tone.

"Go and saddle my horse, and bring him to the door. Quick!"

As soon as Jones had disappeared, the Colonel went out to see if he could discover any trace of the robber. There was nothing left but blood, which had gushed out in the grass like rain. The robber was gone.

Mounting his horse, and again telling Jones to alarm no one, the Colonel rode to the Hotel,

And thundering at the door, some minutes he succeeded in bringing a waiter who admitted him, staring in stupid wonder, to see young Morgan's father arrive at such a time and with so ghastly a face.

"Is Morgan H. within?' demanded the Colonel.

"I think he is. I saw him here in the evening," was the reply. "Shall I go up and see?'

"Show me his room," said the Colonel striding into the hall.

The waiter preceeded him up stairs.—Hearing a suppressed groan he looked around. The Colonel's hand was pressed upon his brow, and his eye fixed upon a dark spot on the floor.

"What is that?" asked the waiter.

"Go on! on!" muttered the Colonel, in so savage and husky a voice, that it had about the same effect as a sharp bayonet, in sending the waiter forward.

They reached the door of Morgan's room, The Colonel wrung the door with his iron hand, but the latch did not yield. Then with his fist he thundered on the panel.

No sound came from within.

"He is not in," suggested the waiter.

With a rapid movement, the Colonel held the lamp to the key hole. The point of the key was visible. The door was locked from the inside.

"Leave me commanded the Colonel, turning to the waiter.

Then placing his mouth near the door, he said, "Morgan! I am alone—let me in.—It is your father that speaks!"

At that moment, a short concussion, like the report of a pistol, sounded within the room. Then some heavy body fell to the floor.

The Colonel staggered against the banister; and the waiter who was watching him below, ran up, crying murder, thinking he was shot.

"Hush!" said the Colonel, in a calm voici, standing erect, as pale as death, before the waiter. "Go for an axe or a bar. The door must be broken open."

In a few moments the lock was forced, and the Colonel, followed by the landlord and and others, rushed into the room. There was a human body extended on the floor, which was covered with blood.

"Horror!" ejaculated the waiter, "he has cut off his right hand!"

"And blown out his brains!" added the landlord.

The Colonel looked at the ghastly, distorted face. It was that of his only son. He was a corpse!

Everybody thought the calomity would kill Mrs. H., but you see her now, a feeble, sorrow stricken woman, who never leaves her room, except to visit the grave of the suicide.

The Colonel is a different man. Since the tradgey, he has never been seen to smile. He stands like a withered oak, dry and stiff yet strong in his decay,

We rode to the burying ground. We would have entered and looked at the tomb. stone of the erring youth, but I shrank from disturbing the contemplation of the mourners.

Mrs. H., was over the marble slab, and shedding tears which ran down her thin face like rain. The Colonel stood near by erect his arms folded on his chest, and his cold grey eyes fixed on the grave with a look of speechless grief, We left them alone with the dead.

It is a natural science (says a correspondent of the Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle that induces even the infidel heathen to bear testimony, not only to the *allegorical*, but to the literal truth of the sacred Scriptures.—Heathen writers have related that at a certain time, a great (and as they would have it, a natural) eclipse of the sun took place, which continued for the space of three hours —and they perhaps spurned the idea of supernatural darkness, as much as the Rev. Mr. Stuart does that of a literal flood; but chronology proves the time specified to be precisely the time of the Savior's crucifixion, and the science of astronomy demonstrates beyond doubt, that it was about the time of the full moon, at which time, it is a "*physical impossibility*" for anatural eclipse of the sun to take place.

According to the London Times, a movement is now on foot to build iron steamers, seven hundred and twenty feet in length, with ninety feet beam and thirty-six feet in depth, with four engines of 1000 horse-power, and a screw, whilst there will be eight masts, with huge latteen sails. The vessels are to be built of iron, and to be shot and fire-proof, while their novel structure and superior strength, and immense length, it is supposed, will render them safer than vessels of smaller construction. It is calculated that each shall carry 2000 passengers, with a theatre for amusements; and in case of war, a battery of three hundred guns could be opened. This projected scheme, it is said, is for the purpose of bringing the English colonies within a month's reach of London.

The Murfreesborough News says: "The Union Party is dead in Mississippi. Messrs. Toombs and Stephens have gone to stand by it, and mourn over its last hours in Georgia. The great body of the Southern people have discovered that the democratic is a better Union party than the Union party itself."

TIME tries the character of men, as the furnace assays the quality of metals, by disengaging the impurities, dissipating the superficial glitter, and leaving the sterling gold bright and pure.

From the Liverpool Times.

The Late Thomas Moore.

We noticed very briefly, in our last week's paper the death of Thomas Moore, who, up to the time of his decease, was the greatest survivor of that galaxy of illustrious names which has given to our own time a proud place in the history of poetry. We have since been favored by a literary friend with the following cursory but graphic sketch of the intellectual idiosyncracy of this popular poet, who more than any other whom we remember, was the idol of his day.

The illustrious brotherhood of poets which forms such a conspicuous glory of the past age is now nearly all disbanded. Keats, the youngest, was the first to die, and Rogers, the oldest, who published ten years before Keats was born, is still living, thirty years after the death of his youthful contemporary. Keats, in the full flush of youth, with all his glorious faculties immature and nascent, was first cut off; then Shelley, just verging from the rocks and shoals of youthful passion and experience into the calm, sunny, fathomless expanse of intellectual manhood, was suddenly drowned; then Byron, in the prime of his manhood, "*Nel mezzo del cammia di nostra vita,*" with the passions of his youth rushing through his maturity like the waters of the St. Lawrence, far into the Atlantic ocean, just as the current was abating in its fury and heaven and ocean seemed propitious, suddenly vanished from the horizon.

A few years subsequently, Sir Walter Scott, after making and losing a princely fortune, just when the autumnal touches showed the ripeness of age, from prodigious over working of his powers, died with his mind a melancholy blank. Shortly afterwards Coleridge, "the rapt one with the godlike forehead," with the intellect of a superior being and scarce the moral purpose of a child, after years of languishing, produced by the tyranny of opinion, found rest. Then Southey, with his powers exhausted like Sir Walter Scott's, died with his mind insane; then Campbell, scarcely past the time when a man is in the vigor of his faculties, became fatuous and expired an imbecile; and now last week, Tom Moore, the bard of his native Erin, the poet who possessed and exercised a more active fancy than any of his contemporaries, whose wit, raillery, powers of imagery and musical expressions are unrivalled, although he had only just passed the boundaries of the three score years and ten, departed to the unknown world, with all his brilliant faculties dimmed, by premature decay, dying as it were, like an old man a sleep, in the misty incohation of a childish dream. Sad conclusions. Keats died before his manhood, Shelley on the threshhold, Byron at its prime, and Scott, Southey, Campbell and Moore, like a tropical afternoon during a sudden storm, passing as it were, at one stride, from day to darkness—from the pride of power to the humiliation of second childhood. The great exception is Wordsworth; he died full of years, full of glory and full of intellect; he sank like the sun through a cloudless sky in the ocean, showing his subdued splendors along the deep, further and still further till he sets, and all is night. The causes of this "falling off" of great men in their declining years would be an interesting, though sad inquiry, but would occupy too much of our space, and we now revert to the great poet who has just departed, and now in the gorgeous cloudland of poetry has left a "gap i'th' the clouds."

Tom Moore, besides his great poetical genius, possessed social talent which made him, as Byron has described him in the dedication of the Corsair, the idle of every circle in which he moved. It was never our happiness to meet him, but we have heard a highly cultivated gentleman, residing among us, give many graphic accounts of evenings spent with him when he shone pre-eminent among a circle of wits, from the readiness and perfect good humor of his repartee, the shrewdness of his observation, the unction of his humor, and the exquisite taste and talent of his singing.

He was pre-eminently a fascinating man, not like Lord Byron, by theatrical mysteriousness and empirical repulsiveness, but from a native benevolence of manner, and plastic sympathy which adapts itself to the peculiarities of every listener.

Moore, more than any other poet of the age, has left the impress of his social genialities upon the memories of successors; as to his genius, it requires merely to be sketched, as it has been delineated in such a masterly manner by more than one of our metropolitan contemporaries.

There never was a poet who possessed such facility of imagery, or such buoyancy of temper. He is more genial than even his favorite Anacreon; and if he have not the suavity, and shrewd observation of Horace, he has a far more playful and ebullient wit, and a fancy beyond comparison more brilliant, copious and rapid.

His fancy was too active and projectile for calm and deep emotion; hence, even in the "Loves of the Angels," there is no intensity of passion, but in its place plenty of amatory sentiment. Lalla Rookh is unique.—Its fidelity to eastern manners and scenery is marvellous, but still more marvellous is the rapid and untiring succession of comparison, flashing out one after another in glorious disorder, like fresh images of the sun on the ripples of a river, from every breath of wind.

As a song writer he is immortal, and Burns is the only British lyrist to contest the palm with him. He has not the passion, energy and concentrated expression of the Scottish bard, but his intellectual resources are more extended, his subjects more diversified, his versification more musical, and his embellishments more lavish. He is the poet of sentiment—Burns of passion.—He is never swept on by his theme—the fiercer feelings are unknown to him—and his mind, in its intenser efforts, is never moved from its place, but merely swayed to and fro like the broad-leaved branches of a sycamore in a summer tempest, while its roots are sleeping in the soil.

A Spanish lady, writing from Washington, under date of 5th inst., says of Henry Clay, Scott, Cass and others:

Gen. Cass I have seen twice, and I greatly admire. I have also had the high privilege of an introduction to Mr. Clay, though he receives no strangers. To-day, at one p. m., according to appointment, I called with Mr. W., and was so much affected at the sight of the earthly ruins of this stupendous genius, that I could not utter a word, but carried the hand he extended to my lips in fearful silence. He seemed much gratified, and spoke of the honor I did him in very kind terms, and with consummate tact he immediately chose such subjects as he thought would be most interesting to me, and for half an hour questioned me of my own dear land, of its institutions, manners, of the late attempt on the Queen's life, &c., and so gratified me by the interest he manifested in the answers, that my heart warmed and my brain kindled, and I felt I was replying as well as though I had studied to do so.—You know that diffidence was never one of my afflictions, but at the same time I hold genius in such esteem that my veneration amounts to worship for it.

How much greater, then, must have been my emotion when the hand of death was plainly visible on the mighty of the land! when the ray, brilliant as it radiated on all around, was but the light burning in a sepulchre, and already quivering beneath the breath of the merciless destroyer! I am not able to give you an adequate idea of his state. His *eye* alone shows him *not dead!* His fingers are a skeleton's, the countenance cadaverous, yet withal, his mental faculties are unimpaired and vivid as ever.

At a large party last Tuesday I again met Gen. Scott, who introduced the famous Soule, the great radical member from Louisiana. Mr. Soule is the idol of the Washington ladies, and no wonder, for he is exceedingly fascinating in his conversation.—He has that dangerous compound of the French wit and the Creole suavity, of acute perception and brilliant imagination, which, with his elegant manners, could not but make him a favorite. He is thought handsome, but is not, but his appearance is remarkable and distingue.

[From the National Intelligencer.]

The Empire of Japan.

Messrs. Gales & Seaton:—As any thing which relates to Japan at the present time may be interesting, I send the following concise sketch of that kingdom. It is called by the natives Niphon, and was founded about six hundred and sixty-five years before Christ, by Simmu. From him to Sinzakin there appears to have been sixty-one Emperors. After this period, in the year 1142, a change took place. From this time a double chronology commences, including the reigns of the Dearios and Cubos. The Dearios were military officers, and at one period completely usurped the power of the Emperors; but a General by the name of Jeretimo being crowned, succeeded in depriving the Dearios of all military power. At the present time the kingdom of Japan is governed by an Emperor with full military powers, a Dearo with full civil powers, and a Cubo, or prime minister, who has authority over certain cities, their Parliaments. &c.

The Kingdom of Japan consists of three large and thirty or forty smaller islands, situated off the coast of China. The largest of these islands is Niphon, the next Jesso. On the Island of Bungo, southwest of Tonsa, is the city of Nangaschi, and near that city is the little artificial island Disna, on which a Dutch factory is built.

Jeudo, or Yeddo, the capital of the whole empire, is situated in the midst of a fine plain, in the province of Musace. It is built in the form of a crescent, and intersected in almost every street by canals, their banks being planted with rows of beautiful trees.—The city is not surrounded, as most Eastern cities are, by a wall, but has a *strony castle* to defend it. The river Tongag waters it, and supplies the castle ditch; and being divided into five streams, has a bridge over each. The public buildings are on a magnificent scale. The imperial palace is formed by three cinctures, or circular piles of buildings, and enclosing many streets, courts, apartments, pavilions, guard-houses, gates, drawbridges, gardens, canals, &c. In it resides the Emperor and his family, the royal domestics, tributary princes and their retinues, the Ministers of State, many other officers of Government, and a strong garrison. The walls of this magnificent palace are built of freestone, *without cement*, and the stones prodigiously large. The whole pile was originally covered with gilt titles, which gave it a very grand and beautiful appearance. Many of the stately apartments are formed and altered at pleasure, by movable screens. The principal apartments are the Hall of Attendance, the Council Chamber, Hall of a Thousand Mats, &c.

The city is under the rule of two governors, who rule a year each.

The next largest city is Meaco. It is also a royal city, and is situated on a lake near the middle of the Island of Niphon, and surrounded by mountains, which give a remarkable and delightful prospect to the whole; the circumjacent country between the city and the mountains is covered with temples, sepulchres, &c., &c., and is embellished with a variety of orchards, groves, cascades, and purling streams. Three considerable rivers water this fertile plain, and unite their streams in the centre of the city, where a magnificent stone bridge facilitates the communication between the different parts of the country. A *strong castle* defends the town; it is six hundred yards in length, has a tower in the centre, and is surrounded by two ditches, the one dry, the other full of water. This splendid city is twenty miles long and nine wide within the suburbs, which are as well populated as the city. The number of the inhabitants of the city proper is supposed to be 529,000. The universities, colleges, temples, &c., are almost incredible in number and magnificence. It contains twelve capital or principal streets, in the centre of which are the royal palaces, superbly built of marble, and adorned with gardens, orchards, pavilions, terraces, groves, &c.

The next principal town is Ozearo. It is deemed the chief seaport, is very populous, and has an army of 80,000 men always ready at the disposal and command of the Emperor. It is near fifteen miles in circumference.

The city of Nangaseke is the Japanese naval depot; but as they have not yet found any use for a navy, their vessels are only in the rough material, and stored away for emergencies.

The kokansa or prison is here. The name means, in the Japanese, hell; it has one hundred dungeons and cages. The history of these few cities give a fair outline of the whole empire. Their private dwellings are small but neat, and ornamented with small gardens; in this they excel, as they are the very best of horticulturists. A few feet of ground are turned to the best advantage, as the Japanese understand perfectly the art of dwarfing plants, trees, fruits, and flowers.—They use neither tables, bed-steads, nor chairs; but sit, eat and sleep, like most Eastern nations, on mats.

Almost the first accomplishment learned by them is the art and grace of suicide; the child in the nursery stabs itself with its fingers or stick, and falls back in imitative death; the lover cuts out his intestines before his obdurate mistress, and the latter pours out her heart's blood in the face of her faithless lover; the criminal executes himself; and, in fact the whole nation, from early youth, revels in the luxury of suicide.

Their trade is, at present, under great restrictions, as they only trade with the Chinese and Dutch. The latter have always fostered, cherished, and increased the prejudices of the Japanese against all other nations, particularly the French, English, and Portuguese.

The mechanics and manufacturers in Japan excel in their different branches, and are even far superior to the Chinese. Their silks and cotton are excellent, and their Japan ware and porcelain unequalled. Their exports are raw and manufactured silks, iron, steel, artificial metals, furs, teas, finer than the Chinese, Japan ware, gold, silver, copper, guns, medicinal herbs, roots, dimonds, pearls, coral, shells, ambergris, &c. Whatever goods the Japanese want they pay for in gold and silver.

The Japanese worship the principal two gods, Xaca and Atnida. At Maceo there is a stately temple built to one of these gods; it is of freestone, as large as St. Paul's with an arched roof, supported by heavy pillars, in which stands an idol of copper, which reaches as high as the roof; and, according to a description given by Sir Thomas Herbet, his chair is seventy feet high and eighty feet long; the head is big enough to hold fifteen men, and the thumb forty inches in circumference. There is another statue, called after the god Dabio, made of copper, twenty-two feet high, in a setting posture.—This shows that the Japanese understand the art of working in bronze, and they are far ahead of Christian nations in this particular. They allow polygamy, and they often strangle their female children, but never the males. The nobility extract the two front teeth, and supply them with two of gold.

The principal rivers are the Ujingava and Askagava; the former so rapid and wide that a bridge cannot be built over it, the latter remarkable for its depth and perpetual fluctuations. The chief lake is called Citz, is one hundred miles long and twenty-one wide. A large valley exists in the interior, filled with carbonic gas, and called the Valley of the Upar. It is covered with the skeletons of numerous wild and tame beasts and birds. The Emperor, it is said, often sent criminals to the valley to bring away a precious gem of inestimable value, and the bones of men also whiten its deadly sides.—

Acidulated lakes and thermal springs are common throughout several of the islands.

Their great sources of opulence are their mines of gold and silver, but they have no antimony, calamine, sal-amoniac, borax, or cinnebar, (quicksilver.) These articles are in demand, and bring a high price. Birds and every kind of duck and poultry are plenty; camphor trees are abundant, and the cedars are the finest in the world. Few countries open so fair a field as the islands of Japan for botanical and geological research. It is not necessary here to enter into a detailed statistical account of the commerce of Japan. A direct trade to that empire would increase the commerce of this country about two hundred millions of dollars annually, if not more.

It has always been in contemplation with this country to make an effort to open a direct trade with Japan. Commodore Porter, as far back as 1815, addressed a letter to Mr. Monroe on the subject. (This letter has been published in the Intelligencer.) It was intended to fit out a frigate and two sloops-of-war and place them under his command, but subsequent events prevented the consummation of this design, but it has been revived from time to time, without being carried out; but a few years ago the under signed drew the attention of the Hon. J. Y. Mason to the subject by the recommendation of a steam line to China, with a view of incidental commercial intercourse, and finally direct trade with Japan. It would require but small efforts to accomplish commercial intercourse with so shrewd a people as the Japanese, who are alive to commercial feelings. A steam line direct from New York to the Isthmus being already in existence, it is an easy matter to continue it to the Gallipagoes, which islands abound in coal; thence to the Marquesssas, and on to Shanghai or Jeddo. W. D. PORTER.

The Two Parties

The following conclusions respecting the position of the two parties are admirably adduced by the editor of the Washington *Union:*

1st. That the national Democracy and its candidates will enter upon the political campaign fully committed against the disturbance of the Compromise, and the renewal of the sectional agitation in Congress—the representatives of the Democratic party having, by a vast majority, taken that position on the record.

2d. That the whig party and its candidates will enter upon the political campaign with a distinct indication that their success is to result in a renewal in Congress of the sectional agitation, in the form of an attempt by the whigs of the North to disturb the Compromise—the whig party of the country, through the votes of its representatives, having, by an overwhelming majority, assumed that position on the record.

In this view of the matter, it would seem now that the people, both of the North and the South, will be in little danger of being deceived or misled as to the position of the parties on this great question; and it will be for them to decide whether they prefer a democratic administration and policy, or sectional strife—all the more fierce and perilous than that through which the country has passed, because renewed by the attempt to break up an adjustment designed by the highest wisdom and patriotism of the land to compose and end it.